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MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

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CHAPTER I.—DOWN CHANNEL.

WE had left Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning, and now, at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, we were off the South Foreland, the ship on a taut bowline heading on a due down Channel course.

It was a September night, with an edge of winter in the gusts and blasts which swept squall-like into the airy darkling hollows of the canvas. There was a full moon, small as a silver cannon-ball, with a tropical greenish tinge in its icy sparkling, and the sea came sweeping up over it in shreds and curls and feathers of vapour, sailing up dark from where the land of France was, and whitening out into a gossamer delicacy of tint as it soared into and fled through the central silver splendour. The weight of the whole range of Channel was in the run of the surge that flashed into masses of white water from the ponderous bow of the Indianman as she stormed and crushed her way along, the tacks of her courses groaning to every windward roll, as though the clew of each sail were the hand of a giant seeking to uproot the massive iron bolt that confined the corner of the groaning cloths to the deck.

The towering Foreland showed in a pale and windy heap on the starboard quarter. The land ran in a sort of elusive faintness along our beam, with the Dover lights hanging in the pallid shadow like a galaxy of fireflies: beyond them a sort of trembling nebulous sheen, marking Folkestone; and on high in the clear dusk over the quarter you saw the Foreland light like some wild and yellow star staring down

upon the sea clear of the flight of the wing-like sea.

The ship was the *Countess Ida*, a well-known Indianman of her day—now so long ago that it makes me feel as though I were two centuries old to be able to relate that I was a hearty young fellow in those times. She was bound to Bombay. Most of the passengers had come aboard at Gravesend, I amongst them; and here we were now thrashing our way into the widening waters of the Channel, mighty thankful—those of us who were not sea-sick, I mean—that there had come a shift of wind when the southern limb of the Goodwin Sands was still abreast, to enable us to keep our anchors at the cathead and save us a heart-wearying spell of detention in the Downs.

The vessel looked nobly by moonlight; she was showing a maintopgallant sail to the freshening wind, and the canvas soared to high aloft in shadowy spaces, which came and went in a kind of winking as the luminary leapt from the edge of the hurrying clouds into some little lagoon of soft indigo, flashing down a very rain of silver fires, till the long sparkling beam travelling over the foaming heads of the seas, like a spoke of a revolving wheel, was extinguished in a breath by the sweep of a body of vapour over the lovely planet. I stood at the rail that ran athwart the break of the poop, surveying this grand night-picture of the outward-bound Indianman. From time to time there would be a roaring of water off her weather-bow, that glanced in the moonshine in a huge

fountain of prismatic crystals. The figures of a couple of seamen keeping a lookout trudged the weather-side of the fore-castle, their shadows at their feet starting out upon the white plank to some quick and brilliant hurl of moonlight, clear as a sketch in ink upon white paper. Amidships, forward, loomed up the big galley, with a long-boat stowed before it roofed with spare booms; on either hand rose the high bulwarks with three carronades of a side stealing out of the dusk between the tall defences of the ship like the shapes of beasts crouching to obtain a view of the sea through the port-holes. A red ray of light came aslant from the galley and touched with its rusty radiance a few links of the huge chain cable that was ranged along the decks, a coil of rope hanging upon a belaying pin, and a fragment of bulwarks stanchion. Now and again a seaman would pass through this light, the figure of him coming out red against the greenish silver in the atmosphere. A knot of passengers hung together close under the weather poop ladder, with a broad white space of the quarter-deck sloping from their feet to the lee waterways, whence at intervals there would come a sound of choking and gasping as the heave of the ship brought the dark Channel surge brimming to the scupper holes. The growling hum of the voices of the men blended in a strange effect upon the ear with the shrill singing of the wind in the rigging and the ceaseless washing noises over the side and the long-drawn creaking sounds which arise from all parts of a ship struggling against a head sea under a press of canvas.

Aft on the poop, where I was standing, the vessel had something of a deserted look. The pilot had been dropped off Deal; the officer of the watch (the chief mate) was stumping the weather-side of the deck from the ladder to abreast of the foremast skylight; the dark figure of the captain swung in a sort of pendulum-tramp from the mizzen rigging to the grating abaft the wheel. Dim as a distant firebrand over the port quarter, windily flickering upon the stretch of throbbing waters, shone the lantern of the lightship off the South Sand Head; and it was odd to mark how it rose and fell upon the speeding night sky to the swift yet stately pitching of our ship, with the figure of the man at the helm somehow showing the vagner for it, spite of the shining of the binnacle lamp flinging a little golden haze round about the compass stand, abaft which the shape of the fellow showed vague as the outline of a ghost.

Ha! thought I, *this* is being at sea now indeed! Why, though we were in narrow waters yet, there was such a note of ocean yearning in the thunderous wash of the weather billows sweeping along the bends that, but for the pale glimmer of the line of land trending away to starboard, I might easily have imagined the whole waters of the great Atlantic to be under our bow.

It was a bit chilly, and I caught myself hugging my peacoat to me with a half-formed resolution to make for my cabin, where there were yet some traps of mine remaining to be stowed away. But I lingered—lover of all sea-effects, as I then was and still am—to watch a

fine brig blowing past us along to the Downs, the strong wind gushing fair over her quarter, and her canvas rising in marble-like curves to the tiny royals; every cloth glancing in pearl to the dance of the moon amongst the clouds, every rope upon her glistening out into silver wire, with the foam, white as sifted snow, lifting to her hawse-pipes to the clipper shearing of her keen stem, and not a light aboard of her but what was kindled by the luminary in the glass and brass about her decks as she went rolling past us delicate as a vision, pale as steam, yet of an exquisite grace as determinable as a piece of painting on ivory.

I walked aft to the companion hatch and entered the cuddy, or as it is now called, the saloon. The apartment was the width of the ship, and was indeed a very splendid and spacious state-cabin, with a bulkhead at the extremity under the wheel, where the captain's bedroom was, and a berth alongside of it, where the skipper worked out his navigation along with the officers, and where the midshipmen went to school. There were also two berths right forward close against the entrance to the cuddy by way of the quarter-deck, occupied by the first and second mates; otherwise, the interior was as clear as a ballroom, and it was like entering a brilliantly illuminated pavilion ashore, to pass out of the windy dusk of the night and the flying moon-shine of it into the soft brightness of oil-flames burning in handsome lamps of white and gleaming metal, duplicated by mirrors, with hand-paintings between and polished panels in which the radiance cloudily rippled. A long table went down the centre of this cuddy, and over it were the domes of the skylights, in which were many plants and flowers of beauty swinging in pots, and globes of fish and silver swinging trays. Right through the heart of the interior came the shaft of the mizzen-mast, rich with chiselled configurations, and of a delicate hue; a handsome piano stood lashed to the deck abaft this trunk of giant spar. The planks were finely carpeted, and sofas and arm-chairs ran the length of the glittering saloon on either side of it.

There were a few people assembled at the fore-end of the table as I made my way to the hatch whose wide steps led to the sleeping berths below. It was not hard to perceive that one of them was an East Indian military gentleman whose liver was on fire through years of curry. His white whiskers, of the wire-like inflexibility of a cat's, stood out on either side his lemon-coloured cheeks; his little blood-shot eyes of indigo sparkled under overhanging brows where the hair lay thick like rolls of cotton-wool. This gentleman I knew to be Colonel Bannister, and as I cautiously made my way along—for the movements of the decks were staggering enough to oblige me to tread warily—I gathered that he was ridiculing the medical profession to Dr Hemmeridge, the ship's surgeon, for their inability to prescribe for sea-sickness.

'It iss der nerves,' I heard a fat Dutch gentleman say—afterwards known to me as Peter Hemskirk, manager of a firm in Bombay.

'Nerves!' sneered the Colonel, with a glance at the Dutchman's waistcoat. 'Don't you know

the difference between the nerves and the stomach, sir?

'Same thing,' exclaimed Dr Hemmeridge soothingly; 'sea-sickness means the head, anyway; and pray, Colonel, what are the brains but?'

'Ha! ha!' roared the Colonel, interrupting him; 'there I have you. If it be the brains only which are affected, why, then, ha! ha! no wonder Mynheer here doesn't suffer, though it's his first voyage, he says.'

But my descent of the steps carried me out of earshot of this interesting talk. My cabin was well aft. There was a fairly wide corridor, and the berths were ranged on either hand of it. From some of them, as I made my way along, came in muffled sounds various notes of lamentation and suffering. A black woman, with a ring through her nose and her head draped in white, sat on the deck in front of the closed door of a berth, moaning in a sea-sick way over a baby that she rocked in her arms, and that was crying at the top of its pipes. The door of a cabin immediately opposite opened, and a young fellow with a ghastly face putting his head out exclaimed in accents strongly suggestive of nausea: 'I thay, confound it! thtop that noithe, will you? The rolling ith bad enough without that thindy. Thteward!' The ship gave a lurch, and he swung out, but instantly darted back again, being indeed but half-clothed: 'I thay, are you the thteward?'

'No,' said I. 'Keep on singing out. Somebody'll come to you.'

'Won't they thmother that woman?' he shouted, and he would have said more, but a sudden kick-up of the ship slammed his cabin door for him, and the next moment my ear caught a sound that indicated too surely his rashness in leaving his bunk.

I entered my berth, and found the lamp alight in it, and the young gentleman who was to share the cabin with me sitting in his bedstead, that was above mine, dangling his legs over the edge of it, and gazing with a disordered countenance upon the deck. I had chatted with him during the afternoon and had learnt who he was. Indeed, his name was in big letters upon his portmanteau—'The Hon. Stephen Colledge;' and incidentally he had told me that he was a son of Lord Sandown, and that he was bound to India on a shooting tour. He was a good-looking young man, with fair whiskers, white teeth, a genial smile, yet with something of affectation in his way of speaking.

'It's doocid rough, isn't it, Mr Dugdale?' said he; 'and isn't it raining?'

'No,' said I.

'Oh, but look at the glass here,' he exclaimed, indicating the scuttle or porthole, the thick glass of which showed gleaming, but black as coal against the night outside.

'Why,' said I, 'the wet there is the sea; it is spray; nothing but spray.'

'Hang all waves!' he said in a low voice. 'Why the dickens can't the ocean always be calm? If I'd have known that this ship pitched so, I'd have waited for a steadier vessel. Will you do me the kindness to lift the lid

of that portmanteau? You'll find a flask of brandy in it. Hang me if I like to move. Sorry now I didn't bring a cot, though they're doocid awkward things to get in and out of.'

I found the flask, and gave it to him, and he took a pull at it. I declined his offer of a dram, and went to work to stow away some odds and ends which were in my trunk.

'Don't you feel ill?' said he.

'No,' said I.

'Oh, ah, I remember now!' he exclaimed; 'you were a sailor once, weren't you?'

'Yes; I had a couple of years of it.'

'Wish I'd been a sailor, I know,' said he. 'I mean, after I'd given it up. As to being a sailor—merciful goodness! think of four, perhaps five months of this.'

'Oh, you'll be as good a sailor as ever a seaman amongst us in a day or two,' said I encouragingly.

'Don't feel like it now, though,' he exclaimed.

'Let's see: I think you said you were going out to do some painting?—Oh no! I beg pardon: it was a chap named Emmett who told me that. You—you'—He looked at me with a slightly inebriated cock of the head, from which I might infer that the 'pull' he had taken at his flask was by no means his first 'drain' within the hour.

'No,' said I, with a laugh; 'I am going out to see an old relative up country. And not more for that than for the fun of a voyage.'

'The fun of the voyage!' he echoed with a stupid face; then with a sudden brightening up of his manner, though his gloomy countenance quickly returned to him, he exclaimed 'I say, Dugdale—beg pardon, you know; no good in mistering a chap that you're going to sleep with for four or five months—call me Colledge, old fellow—but I say, though, seen anything more of that ripping girl since dinner? By George! what eyes, eh?'

He drew his legs up, and with a slight groan composed himself in a posture for sleep, manifestly heedless of any answer I might make to his question.

I lingered awhile in the berth, and then filling a pipe, mounted to the saloon and made my way to the quarter-deck to smoke in the shelter of the recess in the cuddy front. Colonel Bannister lay sprawling upon a sofa, holding a tumbler of brandy grog in his hand. There were other passengers in the cuddy, scattered, and all of them grimly silent, staring hard at the lamps, yet with something of vacancy in their regard, as though their thoughts were elsewhere. As I stepped on to the quarter-deck the cries and chorusing of men aloft came sounding through the strong and hissing pouring of the wind between the masts and through the harsh seething of the seas, which the bows of the ship were smiting into snowstorms as she went sullenly plunging through the water with the weather-leech of her maintopgallant-sail trembling in the green glancings of the moonlight like the fly of a flag in a breeze of wind. They were taking a reef in the fore and mizzen topsails. The chief mate, Mr Prance, from time to time would sing out an order over my head that was answered by a hoarse 'Ay, ay, sir,' echoing out of the gloom in which the fore-part of the ship was plunged.

I lighted my pipe and sat myself down on the coamings of the booby hatch to enjoy a smoke. I was alone, and this moon-touched flying Channel night-scene carried my memory back to the times when I was a sailor, when I had paced the deck of such another vessel as this as a midshipman of her. It seemed a long time ago, yet it was no more than six years either. The old professional instinct was quickened in me by the voices of the fellows aloft, till I felt as though it were my watch on deck, that I was skulking under the break of the poop here, and that I ought to be aloft jockeying a lee yardarm or dangling to windward on the flemish horse.

Presently all was quiet on high, and by the windy sheen in the atmosphere, caused by the commingling of white waters and the frequent glance of the moon through some rent in the ragged clouds, I could make out the figures of the fellows on the fore descending the shrouds. A little while afterwards a deep sea-voice broke out into a strange wild song, that was caught up and re-echoed in a hurricane chorus by the tail of men hauling upon the halliards to masthead the yard. It was a proper sort of note to fit such a night as that. A minute after, a chorus of a like gruffness but of a different melody resounded on the poop, where they were mastheading the top-sail yard after reefing it. The combined notes flung a true oceanic character into the picture of the darkling Indianaman swelling and rolling and pitching in floating launches through it, with her wide pinions rising in spaces of faintness to the sea, and the black lines of her royal yards shearing to and fro against the moon that, when she showed, seemed to reel amidst the rushing wings of vapour to the wild dance of our mastheads. The songs of the sailors, the clear shrill whistling of a boatswain's mate forward, the orders uttered quickly by the chief officer, the washing noises of the creaming surges, the sullen shouting of the wind in the rigging resembling the sulky breaker-like roar of a wood of tall trees swept by a gale—all this made one feel that one was at sea in earnest.

I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and went on to the poop. The land still showed very dimly to starboard, with here and there little oozings of dim radiance that might mark a village or a town. You could see to the horizon, where the water showed in a sort of greenish blackness with some speck of flame of a French lighthouse over the port quarter; the September clouds soared up off the edge of the sea like puffs and coils of smoke from a thousand factory chimneys down there, now and again a bright star glancing out from amongst them as they came swiftly floating up to the moon, turning into a silvery white as they neared the glorious planet.

There were windows in the cuddy front, and as I glanced through one of them I saw the captain come down the companion steps into the brightly lighted saloon and seat himself at the table, where in a moment he was joined by the fiery-eyed little Colonel. Decanters and glasses were placed by one of the stewards on a swing-tray, and the scene then had something of a homely look spite of the cuddy's aspect of comparative desertion. Captain Keeling, I think, was about the most sailorly-looking man I ever remember meeting. I had heard of him ashore,

and learnt that he had used the sea for upwards of forty-five years. He had served in every kind of craft, and had obtained great reputation amongst owners and underwriters for his defence and preservation of an Indianaman he was in command of that was attacked in the Bay of Bengal by a heavily armed French picaroon full of men. Cups and swords and services of plate and purses of money were heaped upon him for his conduct in that affair; and indeed in his way he was a sort of small Commodore Dance.

I looked at him with some interest as he sat beside the Colonel with the full light of the lamp over against him shining upon his face and figure. There had been little enough to see of him during the day, and it was not until we dropped the pilot that he showed himself. His countenance was crimsoned with long spells of tropic weather, and hardened into ruggedness like the face of a rock by the years of gales he had gone through. He was about sixty years of age; and his short-cropped hair was as white as silver, with a thin line of whisker of a like fleecy sort slanting from his ear to the middle of his cheek. His nose was shaped like the bowl of a clay-pipe, and was of a darker red than the rest of his face. His small sea-blue eyes were sunk deep, as though from the effect of long staring to windward; and almost hidden as they were by the heavy ridge of silver eyebrow, they seemed to be no more than gimlet holes in his head for the admission of light. He had thrown open his peacoat, and discovered a sort of uniform under it: a buff-coloured waistcoat with gilt buttons, an open frock-coat of blue cloth with velvet lapels. Around his neck was a satin stock, in which were three pins, connected by small chains. His shirt collar was divided behind, and rose in two sharp points under his chin, which obliged him to keep his head erect in a quite military posture. Such was Captain Keeling, commander of the famous old Indianaman *Countess Ida*.

I guessed he would not remain long below, otherwise I should have been tempted to join him in a glass of grog, spite of the company of Colonel Bannister, who was hardly the sort of man to make one feel happy on such an occasion as the first night out at sea, with memory bitterly recent of leave-taking, of kisses, of the hand-shakes of folks one might never see again.

THE LABOUR COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

THE great problem of Society has always been, and probably always will be, what to do with the poor and the vagrant classes. And of all the many experiments which have been made towards a solution, certainly one of the most interesting is that which is still in progress in the Labour Colonies, as they are called, of Holland. Without attempting any economic discussion, we invite our readers to follow us in a visit to institutions which are unique in the history of philanthropic effort.

Some seventy years ago—namely, in 1818—the 'Society of Beneficence' in the Netherlands proclaimed the belief that pauperism might be minimised, if not prevented, by providing both agricultural training and employment for able-

bodied persons who while destitute might be also deserving. It is but right to say, however, that the Society adopted the idea from a Dutch philanthropist, General Van den Bosch, who, again, seems to have had it suggested to him by Robert Owen. It seems, at anyrate, that a scheme of Robert Owen's for the employment of pauper populations was brought to the attention of the Dutch Government by their ambassador in London. This was in 1816; but several years previously Van den Bosch had been experimenting with pauper labour on barren soils upon a farm which he had in Java, where he was governor. Coming home in 1816, the General seems to have seen Owen's scheme, to have applied to it his own experience, and then to have developed the plan which has since been followed out with various modifications.

The objects which he had in view may fairly be stated in the words of Sir John McNeill, who in 1853 made a special visit to, and report on, the Dutch Labour Colonies, for the information of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland. McNeill says: 'General Van den Bosch appears to have set out from the position that if the savage man, without having instruction, implements, habitation, or capital provided for him, could make the earth yield him the means of living, much more would the indigent classes of civilised men, provided with all these advantages, be able to maintain themselves by tilling the soil. He thence inferred that able-bodied indigent persons of good character could be made self-sustaining by employing them to reclaim waste land, provided funds could be obtained to purchase the waste land and to maintain the families upon it until it became productive. He believed that by occupation in agricultural labour, under the training and discipline of a well-regulated establishment, the moral character and the habits of the class of persons might be greatly improved, and that they would give employment to industry in supplying their wants, instead of being, as they then were, a burden upon the community.'

These were the objects with which the Society was at length organised, with a membership subscription of 2-60 guilders (4s. 4d.) per annum. Its organisation was ratified by the king in 1818, and members joined rapidly. Within twelve months there were over twenty thousand members, and the amount subscribed was over £4500 (55,000 guilders). With this comparatively small capital-fund the Society had an ambitious programme. It included the formation of Colonies for the repression of mendicity, Colonies for indigent persons and veterans, Free Colonies, Colonies for inspectors of agricultural works, Colonies for agricultural instruction, and Colonies for orphans and foundlings. As a matter of fact, however, the Society was only able at first to found two Colonies—one at Frederiksoord, near Steenwijk, where some one hundred families were located to cultivate the waste land; and a second, about the same size, called Willems-oord, after the then Prince of Orange. By the year 1821 four more Colonies were formed, and the management of the whole was placed under a director with one assistant, three under-directors, and other officers. Each Colony was divided into districts of twenty-five farms each, under a

district-master, with two subordinates, whose duty was to give instruction in agricultural work to the colonists. Each allotment was laid out in a rectangle, with a brick house of the familiar Dutch pattern at one end, and a wooden house for byre and barn. The houses were better built and better furnished than those of the independent labourers of the district, and the whole organisation of the Colonies was very symmetrical. But the Society was never a success from a financial point of view; its expenses were too heavy, and there were many defects in its whole system which we need not go into just now. In fine, Commissioners were appointed by the king to examine into its affairs and to afford it some assistance by loans and otherwise.

In 1859 the whole scheme was reconstructed. There were then the three Free Colonies of Frederiksoord, Willemsoord, and Wilhelminasoord, comprising about two thousand nine hundred and sixty persons; and the two Beggar Colonies of Veenhuizen and Ommerschans, with a population of about six thousand. The entire capital expended upon them had been six hundred and four thousand pounds, of which about four hundred and sixty thousand pounds was borrowed, and remained as a debt upon the Society. The Government now agreed to wipe off this debt and take over both the Beggar Colonies, with their lands, buildings, &c., as a 'going concern,' and thus to enable the Free Colonies to make a fresh start.

So much by way of history; and now for a brief visit to each of these two classes of Colonies.

And first, the Free Colonies, which may be described as private philanthropic organisations for the relief of the poor. To the visitor, Frederiksoord appears as an oasis in a desert, a smiling district some sixteen miles long, set in the midst of the dreariest moorland one can conceive. Frederiksoord was itself a waste before General Van den Bosch began his work. Now, it is a settlement of compact fertile farms, joined together by good roads, shaded by fine trees, peopled by an apparently contented and certainly industrious peasantry. If ever wilderness was made literally to blossom as the rose, it was at Frederiksoord. The Colony now comprises five thousand acres of land, including six large model farms employing some ninety labourers, and two hundred and twenty-four small farms, each capable not only of supporting a family, but also of affording a margin, in the way of rent or contribution, towards the support of the new arrivals and the infirm. There are five schools, each with accommodation for over one hundred children; a College for gardening; two Protestant churches, with houses for the ministers; one Roman Catholic church, with a house for the priest; and a Jewish synagogue and teacher's house.

The total available land of the Colony is divided into two parts. The Society retains about two thousand five hundred acres, appropriated for the large model farms, each about two hundred acres, which are worked by the Society with the labour of the colonists; for workshops, managed on the same principle; and for churches, schools, dwellings, woods, &c. The colonists have among them fifteen hundred acres,

appropriated to the 'free farmers' and 'labourer colonists,' as we shall presently explain. The population averages annually between seventeen and eighteen hundred, being mainly composed of 'free farmers' and their families, and labourers and their families; but there is also a proportion of orphan boarders, and also the officials and their families, to be provided for.

It is a cardinal rule of these Free Colonies that candidates for admission must be destitute, and must have some knowledge of farm-work or craft or business. Families are preferred, and a normal household contains two adults and four children. When there are less than four children, boarders may be taken into the house.

When a family first arrives in the colony, the head is employed as a labourer, at a wage which is decreed not to be higher than the market-rate of the district. In general, the rate for field-work is about eightpence per day in winter and one shilling in summer; but some of the handicraftsmen may earn one-and-sixpence or one-and-eightpence per day. If the work is bad, the wages are stopped or a fine imposed. After serving two or three years as a labourer, the colonist may be made a 'free farmer' if he has behaved and worked well; and as a 'free farmer' he receives about seven and a half acres of land to himself, a cow on easy terms, a supply of potatoes and seed, and a certain quantity of manure, which he has not to pay for until the expiry of the year. This farm he has to work for the benefit of himself and family, but under the supervision of the authorities. He may work for wages outside the Colony if he likes, as many do; but he is not allowed to send hay, straw, and manure out of the Colony. If he does not succeed as a farmer, he may return to the condition of labourer. Both labourers and 'free farmers' are provided with houses and gardens, and with an outfit of clothes, utensils, and furniture. All this is provided at the cost of the district, but remains the property of the Society.

A labourer pays for rent of house about sevenpence per week; for medical fund about one farthing per head per week; for clothing fund about twopence per head per week; and for his garden such rent as may be agreed on. A free farmer pays for rent from three to six pounds a year; for cow about twelve-and-sixpence a year; for medical fund eleven-and-sixpence a year; and an agreed sum for insurance of furniture, &c. If a colonist falls into arrears, he is not charged interest; but no help is afforded to the lazy. Liquor is not forbidden, but it is not sold in the Colony. There are shops in the Colony, but the colonists are free to make their purchases outside if they prefer. There is no uniform, and they can buy clothes from the Society, who make cotton cloth and shoes, and import other articles. Once there was only 'token' money; but now the ordinary Dutch currency circulates. The old and infirm are pensioned off, usually at from five to six shillings per week.

There is no steam-power in the Colony; but in the Society's workshops employment is afforded to carpenters, smiths, besom-makers, basket-makers, mat-makers, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, &c. The surplus produce of the agricultural and miscellaneous labour is exported for sale in the open markets.

All the farms at Frederiksoord have the neatness peculiar to Dutch farms. Cattle and implements alike look in good order and well cared for. The houses are clean and comfortable; the fences are well kept up; the land is kept free from weeds. The general appearance of the Colony gives one the impression of good cultivation and of orderly industrious living. There are 'black sheep,' of course, in the community, and there are both offences and punishments; but the general conduct is reported to be excellent. The colonists are never forced to leave except for drunkenness or misconduct; but they are compelled both to educate their children and give them some technical training. Great attention is paid by the Society to the condition of the young ones, whether they are to remain in the Colony or to be placed in situations outside. The College for gardening is said to have been a great success.

We have taken Frederiksoord as a type of the Free Colonies; and now we will pay a visit to Veenhuizen, as a type of the Government or State Beggar Colonies.

This settlement lies in the province of Drenthe, and to reach it we have to leave the railway at Assen, and travel along the canal-banks through a plain and uninteresting country. As we near Veenhuizen, however, the scene improves, and meadows and gardens and smiling corn-fields cheer the eye. Yet this was all once, and not so long ago, a barren, dreary, unproductive waste.

One does not pass through any formidable walls or guarded gateway to enter this Government preserve; but one soon perceives that the inhabitants are on a different footing from those we have just left at Frederiksoord. They are all clad in a uniform kaki-coloured mixture of wool and cotton cloth, which is woven in the Colony; and they all wear the same wooden shoes. Here, also, we find three separate establishments—one for women; one for men working at handicrafts; and one for men engaged in farm-work. In the second establishment there are carpenters, cabinet-makers, smiths, &c.; but the principal work is in making mats and sacks for export and clothing for the Colony. All the Government plantations in the East Indies are supplied with bags for coffee, sugar, &c., from the Beggar Colonies.

At Ommerschans there are now no women, and the Government are gradually transferring the whole of the Colony to Veenhuizen. At Veenhuizen the population has averaged about fifteen hundred, one-fourth being women; at Ommerschans the population has been heretofore about nine hundred. Nearly the whole of these have been sent to the Colonies for the offence of begging, but some for drunkenness, and there are also some who have gone of their own accord.

In some respects these Beggar Colonies are really penal settlements; but yet they are very different from the penal settlements which we used to maintain across the seas. When first organised by the Society of Beneficence, the object of them was to create places of work where the mendicant who is willing to work can be provided with healthy labour, good food, and moral surroundings. By the law of Holland,

mendicancy is punishable by imprisonment; but since the Government took over these Colonies mendicants are sent thither instead of to prison. Yet there is a prison in the Colony, and at Veenhuizen a guard of soldiers is thought to be necessary. It is said, however, that the inhabitants rarely attempt to escape; while, on the other hand, there are repeated instances of men who have served their term deliberately offending, by public begging, for the express purpose of being sent back. Indeed, life in the Colony seems to unfit the beggars for any other life.

The usual term of sentence is two years. During that time the men receive a small weekly wage, not as remuneration for the work they do, but by way of encouragement. It varies from sevenpence to one-and-eightpence per week, and they are obliged to deposit one-third of it to make provision against the day of their release, by which time it may amount to a pound or two. The rest they can spend as they please. Otherwise, they are well lodged, well clad, and have a liberal allowance of plain food.

On the farms of the Colony are grown rye, potatoes, beans, oats, and fruit; but pauper labour is not estimated highly in agricultural matters. According to Sir J. McNeill's calculation, it takes about fifteen colonists to do the work of one good field-labourer. In the workshops, weaving employs some forty or fifty men, and about the same number are usually employed in straw-plaiting and mat-making. In the carpentry department there will be twenty or thirty men at work making tools, household furniture, &c. The men all sleep in one large building, with tiled floor and whitewashed walls; and they sleep in hammocks, which are folded up during the day. The arrangements and amenities of the Colony are decidedly pleasing, and in many respects attractive.

This, indeed, seems to be the fault of the system. The Colonies are too comfortable, and men and women beg in order to be sent to them, or to be sent back to them after they are released; and thus there is just as much vagrancy in Holland as ever.

On the other hand, the mendicants who are sent to these penal settlements do really make some return to the State. They work, and they are not adding to the vagrant population, because they are compulsorily separated from their wives while undergoing probation. The Beggar Colonies, nevertheless, cost the government about thirty thousand pounds a year; for they include many persons too old to work, and many who are sick; while hospitals and churches have to be provided, and a large effective establishment maintained. The Colonists are not allowed to employ their labour in manufacturing things in competition with outside labour; and it has been urged that if these restrictions were removed, the Beggar Colonies would be self-supporting.

Whether the Free Colonies are or are not self-supporting it is difficult to say, as they receive large contributions from outside for special purposes.

With regard to the social and reforming effects of these Colonies, opinions greatly differ. They have certainly not been an unqualified success; and we believe the feeling in Holland is that if they had them not on hand, they might be better

without them; but having got them, it is wiser and better to continue them than to give them up, and so to lose the results of all the labour and expenditure of the past. It is not our purpose, however, to discuss here the social and economic aspects, but to point social reformers generally to a series of experiments from which they may derive much instruction if they care to study them.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.'

CHAPTER I.

ON a Saturday afternoon in the middle of the London season a concert was held at Grosvenor House for the benefit of a Children's Hospital. Patronised by royalty and supported by 'Society,' the event was, at least from a financial point of view, a great success; but although a Princess took part in a duet and a Duchess played on a violin, and other ladies of high rank contributed their accomplishments with more or less conspicuous effect, the great triumph of the occasion, long afterwards haunting the memory of those who were present, was the singing of two homely songs by the governess of the Countess of Southfort's family.

When Miss Neale—a delicate, very pretty, and very modest-looking young woman—concluded *Robin Adair*, there was deep silence of a full minute's duration: an effect in striking contrast to the prompt appreciation awarded to the 'classical' performances which preceded. It was so odd and impressive that the singer herself, instead of courtesying off the stage, stood, unconsciously, half shy and half embarrassed, staring at the silent audience. Then the spell was removed, and, blushing to the eyes, she retreated before the applause.

Could that have been the old melody with which they had all been familiar from childhood? It was a revelation of hidden sweetness which produced that silence of enchantment; a surprise not often experienced.

To bring Miss Neale forward again was not easily done, but the audience would be satisfied with nothing less. This time she was fluttered and nervous; the applause had frightened her—and, to look at her changing colour and wondering timid eyes, you could well have believed she did not know why they had applauded. And now, statuesque save for the motion of her lips, and the rise and fall of her bosom, and the tender and plaintive melody that flowed tremulously from her sweet throat, she sang *Auld Robin Gray* as it seemed never to have been sung before. She touched a chord of enthusiasm in the unemotional and cultivated audience which no prima donna could have reached with all her power.

Amongst those present at the concert was a young man who went there as a press representative. He crossed the road after leaving the great

mansion, and was walking thoughtfully and rather slowly along the footpath beneath the trees in Hyde Park, when an umbrella touched him on the shoulder.

'Oh—is it you, Mr Clayton?' he said, slightly confused, to a middle-aged gentleman who now walked on with him. 'I hope Mary is quite well? I saw you at the concert.'

'Mary is quite well. But you seem to have forgotten us, Frank.'

'I have been busy; I work very hard now,' he answered, looking away with the blood mounting in his face against an unjust reproach.

'I know you do, Frank; it is all you have to look to now. You are turning your work into money too.'

'I suppose so; I really don't know exactly.'

'But I know—exactly,' said the banker laughing. 'I don't, as a rule, look at the current accounts of the bank's customers; but you know I have always had a special interest in yours. You ought to invest a little now.'

The young man put away the subject by an impatient and somewhat disdainful gesture.

'I hadn't fancied my affairs to be so flourishing,' he dryly observed; 'but perhaps I may call some day at the bank and see one of your people about it.'

Nothing further was said for a minute or two, till Mr Clayton inquired: 'How are you going to describe Miss Neale's singing, Frank?'

The young man did not answer at once. 'I am not going to describe it,' he then said shortly. 'How could I describe it? I never before heard anything like it.'

'I tell you what, Frank,' said Mr Clayton, striking his umbrella on the path, 'I would give a hundred pounds to hear her sing those two songs again!'

'Doubtless, Mr Clayton; but, you see, there are things money cannot command.'

'Do you mean that Miss Neale would not sing these songs for a hundred pounds?'

'I don't know to what extent such a sum would influence her—perhaps a great way. But then, the effort might mar the execution. Didn't you notice that she was quite unconscious of the effect she was producing? I believe myself, Miss Neale was not listening to her own voice while she sang.'

'I shall never forget it,' said the banker.

They were now near to the statue of Achilles, and there was the usual block of carriages in the road. The younger man wanted to get across to Piccadilly, while the other's way was down by Albert Gate. But as the former was about to retrace his steps and cross the road farther back, Mr Clayton put his hand on his arm. 'Frank,' he said very earnestly, 'I want you to call on me on a very special matter. I suppose it would be too much to hope that you would dine with us—this evening?'

'Thank you, Mr Clayton; but it is quite impossible,' he answered, powerless to conceal a look of pain. 'A literary friend of mine is out of town, and I am doing his work for him—we go to press this evening.'

Mr Clayton did not suggest another evening, for he understood it all. 'Well, well, Frank,' he said with a sigh, 'could you look in at any

time? For just a few minutes with myself?' he added.

'Yes. Would half-past eight do?'

'That will do.—Why, there is our carriage, standing not thirty yards off. That is my sister, Mrs Morant, who is with Mary; you must come and speak to her.'

'A thousand pardons, Mr Clayton; I would rather not!' the young man quickly replied. 'I know you will understand.'

'They have seen you, Frank,' Mr Clayton remarked gravely, and then said no more; for now he, too, observed—what had immediately caught the other's eye—a young man in the carriage opposite to the ladies.

'I will make any apology for you, Frank, that you wish,' said Mr Clayton. 'But I am sorry for all this. You are too hard on Claude Faune, I think.'

'Do you remember, Mr Clayton, calling me into your private room at the bank one day when I was drawing money there? You gave me an emphatic opinion of Claude Faune then.—I do not recall it now,' he added, with a proud flash of his eyes, 'to suggest that you were right then, and that you are wrong now, but merely to justify my own right to change my opinion—and to make you understand how entirely I am able to appreciate your present feeling. What has taken place is only what I might have looked for, so that I am not surprised.'

'If you expected it, why did you bring him to my house and aid him with all your influence?'

'I did not say I expected it. I was not thinking of such results.—But no matter, Mr Clayton,' he said, laughing, as they approached the carriage. 'I owe reproaches to nobody, and am well reconciled to life as it is.'

Was he? Mr Clayton just glanced in his face when he broke into that unreal laugh, and saw a great deal there. Other eyes were looking too, and the fairest face in that throng of fashion grew pink with some other feeling as well as surprise.

Frank Holmes stepped over the low railing and shook hands with the ladies very composedly for all the war that was within his breast.

'I am very glad to see you again, Mrs Morant.—I hope you are well, Mary?—I am so busy a man now, Mrs Morant, that I never meet a friend except by accident.—I am sorry you have not been to the Grosvenor House concert.'

'We thought of going, at first,' the younger lady observed, but stopped abruptly, in some embarrassment, and merely said, in a hesitating way: 'Was the singing very good?'

'Your father will tell you about it, Mary. It was *Robin Adair* and *Auld Robin Gray* that worked the enchantment.—Is that too strong a term, Mr Clayton?'

'Was it a Princess or a Duchess that enchanted?' Mrs Morant asked.

'Neither; it was only a governess.—Fancy that, Mrs Morant! But I am sorry you missed it.'

'So am I, now.—Mr Faune,' she said, addressing the gentleman opposite, whom Frank Holmes

had merely nodded to without looking at him, 'you are answerable for this. It was you who dissuaded us from going.'

'Because concerts as a rule are a bore, Mrs Morant. One cannot foresee surprises,' he replied languidly.

Holmes shook hands with the two ladies again, and was turning away, when Faune, with a smile, held out his hand to him. Mary Clayton made an unconscious movement, as if to prevent the meeting of the two men's hands, for she knew how one had done the deadliest wrong to the other, and was filled with superstitious fear that something would happen. But nothing apparent happened; Holmes, after a moment's curious hesitation, touched the offered hand, looking as he did so a proud challenge in the other's effeminate eyes, which the latter lacked the courage to meet. Then taking off his hat to the ladies, he walked away.

Mary Clayton's gray eyes followed the tall retreating figure with a silent pathetic look, such as no true-hearted woman could have withheld on witnessing a brave and loyal man struck down for her sake. Such are the ashes that sometimes fall on orange blossoms.

The perfidy of the friend whom you have loved with your whole heart, and whom you have been generously loyal to in spite of disappointments, is less merciful than death, which at least leaves consolatory memories to soften the pain of loss. As Frank Holmes drove to his Adelphi lodgings he felt that even resentment would have a wholesome and stimulating influence upon him; but there was no case for resentment—it was too bad even for that.

At Rugby, he had formed a deep and singular attachment to this schoolfellow, Claude Faune. The boy was the younger son of an Earl; but he was an orphan, and his relations, though aristocratic, were poor. Faune was a lad of girlish gentleness of manner—the robust boys contemptuously called it effeminacy—yet a certain winsomeness, which he could exercise when he had opportunity or occasion, was hard to resist by natures partial to such blandishments. Holmes, having championed the delicate lad in one or two school quarrels, gave way to the potent influence of Faune's grateful gentleness, and grew to love the boy with more than the affection of a brother for a favourite sister. And Holmes had no brother or sister to dispute the place won by Claude Faune.

Holmes's father died while the young fellow was at Rugby, and after this event Frank did not go back to the school except to say goodbye. Faune shed tears as freely as a girl at parting from his friend. Holmes came up to London to settle matters with his late father's solicitors, and found himself left with six thousand pounds in the bank of Messrs Clayton and Clayton as his entire worldly wealth. By the advice of Mr Clayton, his father's old friend, this sum was invested so as to give an income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Holmes took lodgings in town, and for a good while did nothing. Mr Clayton's house was always open to him; but Mr Clayton was a busy man and a widower, and his society of an evening, though good-natured, was not cheerful. Mr Clayton's daughter was away at school, and

when she had holidays, spent them in the country.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of Frank Holmes during his first idle year in London came from his correspondence with Claude Faune. Sometimes he saw him; but the happiest days Holmes ever spent were the three or four which his school-friend passed with him before entering Sandhurst. Faune resembled in one respect the sex to which his character bore so close an affinity—he was expensive to amuse. Frank Holmes had just received his half-year's income; and after parting from his friend, he found that, what with amusements and expensive presents during these few days, he had but twenty pounds left.

Holmes was surprised, but not annoyed; he was half sorry not to have had more money to spend on Claude Faune. A very pretty letter of thanks in a day or two, more than compensated for all. But the incident had one important effect; to earn money now became necessary, and the first work that Holmes put his hand to proved so successful as to decide his career—if such a term is suitable to an occupation taken up and left aside by irregular starts. This first effort, unconsciously inspired by a singular knowledge he had acquired in the course of an idle but observant year in the streets of London, was a series of magazine contributions illustrating the unravelling and detection of supposititious crimes. These attracted so much attention that when he wanted money he had now enough opportunities of earning it.

In due course Faune obtained his commission, in a regiment which was on service in India. After a few months at the dépôt, the young officer was ordered to join his corps. One week of the preparatory leave he spent with his friend in London—the last week in England. The parting of the two young men on board the white troopship at Portsmouth was more like the parting of lovers than of friends. Frank Holmes returned to his London lodgings with a heavy heart. He had never before felt the depth of his attachment for his schoolfellow as he did in the loneliness that fell upon him now.

Always solitary and thoughtful in his habits, Holmes, after Faune's departure from England, worked less and walked more. Being observant and full of interest in human life, he acquired, almost unconsciously, an exceptional knowledge of the highways and byways of London existence. In this way, following the bent of his talents already indicated, Holmes became deeply interested in the study of crimes. He made a name for a morning newspaper in this department. Disdaining vulgar sensation and coarse detail, he went out of the beaten track of policemen and reporters, and twice in the course of a few months startled the professional acumen of Scotland Yard by the light of fairly directed intelligence which he threw upon dark and baffling tracks. Detective officers came to know and respect him, and he had the offer of more literary work than he cared to undertake.

These occupations supplied him with sufficient interest to fill up to some extent the void occasioned by the absence of his friend; and as Faune, for the first few months, wrote to him

almost every mail, these letters were delightful incidents in his solitary life. Faune had the gift of writing charming letters.

And now there arose upon the life of Frank Holmes another brighter and purer influence, which was destined to change all things for him. This was Mary Clayton, the banker's only child.

But at this point Holmes began to detect from time to time a note of trouble in his friend's letters. They grew shorter and less frequent; sometimes weeks passed without one, until an apparent sense of delinquency brought home a longer letter than usual, full of pretty penitence and sparkling all over with bright things. But the sky did not keep clear: the note of trouble came again. At last a letter arrived which would have proved an awakening blow to another man. It was only a passing trouble to Frank Holmes. Faune had got into difficulties in India—he did not clearly indicate how—and he had drawn upon his friend for five hundred pounds. The money to meet this draft had to be obtained by realising a portion of Holmes's capital. Mr Clayton looked grave; but the thing was done; and then Holmes wrote a kindly letter to Faune to inform him that the draft had been honoured, making no further reference to the matter. Nor did Faune further refer to it beyond expressing effusive thanks.

It was a day or two after the transaction of the draft that Mr Clayton called Frank Holmes into his private room at the bank and had that conversation which is referred to in the early part of the present chapter.

'Frank,' he said, 'who is Mr Claude Faune?'

'Oh, Claude Faune?' replied Frank Holmes, laughing: 'he is an old schoolfellow, and the dearest fellow in the world.'

'He costs you a good deal, Frank. Now, my dear boy, what I would wish to put to you is this: Is Mr Faune worth it?'

The young man was astonished. 'Worth it, Mr Clayton? Why, I would give him my right hand!'

'And probably—if it were any value to him—he would accept the gift,' said the banker dryly. 'I hope I am not misjudging your friend, Frank, and I know you will understand why I mention this matter.'

'Of course I understand, Mr Clayton; I know your regard for me too well,' he answered sincerely.

'I do not know Mr Faune, and have never seen him,' continued Mr Clayton gravely. 'I judge him only from the point of view of a man of the world. I see that you give him a large part of your income—and you remember what you had to do a day or two since. I am afraid your good-nature is being deceived.'

It was a difficult thing to answer Mr Clayton—the facts were with him.

'All the same, Mr Clayton,' he said after a pause, generously warning with the words, 'if you knew Claude Faune as I do, you would be won by him just the same.'

The banker shook his head.

'You couldn't help it, Mr Clayton. Faune has no money, and has expenses; and in giving him what I don't require for myself I give more pleasure to myself than to him.'

'I quite understand that, Frank. But it does not alter the case, or alter my opinion of Mr Faune.'

'Some day, Mr Clayton,' the young fellow answered, laughing, 'when you know Claude Faune, you will change your opinion. And I shall not forget to remind you of it.'

'Very well; do so,' said Mr Clayton with a sceptical smile.

The reader knows how Frank Holmes 're-minded' the banker in the Park. The incident was full of food for reflection to both of them.

'By the way,' Mr Clayton observed as Holmes was leaving the bank, 'Mary has come home to me for good. Run over to Cadogan Place; she will be glad to see you.'

'I will go at once,' he said, flushing with new pleasure. 'I suppose we shall hardly recognise each other now!'

'You had better try,' replied Mr Clayton good-humouredly.

CURIOSITIES IN OUR ANCIENT CHURCHES.

IN many of our ancient churches there are objects preserved that are curiosities in every sense. In some few instances, as in the case of whispering galleries, they form part of the fabrics; in others, though incorporated with the buildings, they are independent of any necessity in their construction, as in the matter of the Dutch cannon-balls built into the tower of St Clement's Church, Hastings, as memorials of the attack upon the port under De Ruyter, and the horses' heads built into the belfry of Elsdon Church, which were probably placed there only for the purpose of improving the sound of the bells; and again, in others they are movable and not connected by any link with their situation, except by association of ideas in a remote degree, as in the case of the plain wooden chair of the Venerable Bede, so reverently preserved in Jarrow Church; and in that of the Scone Coronation Stone, on which so much store is set in Westminster Abbey.

Before passing to a consideration of examples of any of these varieties of curiosities we may mention two fine whispering galleries: one in St Paul's, London, and the other in Gloucester Cathedral. The former, like every other feature in Wren's masterpiece, from his grave in the crypt to the golden ball at its summit, is well known; the latter is less so. It was, however, described by a writer in the early days of George I. as 'a remarkable curiosity in the cathedral of Gloucester, being a wall built so in an arch of the church that if a man whispers never so low at one end, another that lays his ear to the other end shall hear each distinct syllable.' And it is still pointed out, admirably, to visitors.

Beacon turrets on churches are curiosities of the description that form part of the fabrics. They are small turrets rising above the roofs for the purpose of displaying beacons, and are not to be confounded with the stalwart church towers on the Northumbrian and Scottish border that were used for defence, and were provided with narrow window-openings and battlements, and, sometimes with corbelled out parapets, of which there are many examples. Beacon turrets are of very rare occurrence. There is one at Hadley Church,

and another on the south-east angle of the chancel of Alnwick Church. The example at Hadley had, till recently, and probably still has, the iron receptacle for the blazing beacon raised on high so as to show over the battlements. This has disappeared in the Alnwick turret. There is a narrow winding stone stair leading up to it, with access through a low narrow door in the south-east angle of the interior of the church, and those who ascend step out on to the roof, where there were formerly indications of a small chamber, and whence there is a wide prospect of country from which a lighted beacon could be seen for many miles.

Another curiosity forming part of the fabric is a hearse-house. In some few country parishes extending over large sparsely-inhabited districts, it has been found expedient in some old time to build hearse-houses against the churches for the convenience of keeping a hearse for the use of the parishioners. There is one built against the shady north side of the chancel of Elsdon Church, in Northumberland, and another against the old Saxon church of St Peter's, Bywell, in the same county. The latter stands likewise on the north side of the chancel, only it is closer into the angle formed by the chancel and the east end of a chantry chapel. On Easter Monday, 1791, a rate of a penny per pound was laid on the parish for making a hearse and for building a house for placing the hearse in. In Llanbedr Church, Merionethshire, stands a bier, which though belonging to a different category, is also intended for the convenience of mourners.

We have not so many 'galilees' but that they may be looked upon as rarities. The words, 'He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see him,' have been quoted as an explanation of this term. In two of our examples of galilees they are placed at the west end of the nave, a third is at the west side of the south transept, and a fourth is on the north side of the nave, which facts prove that the exact position was of no material consequence. The galilee forming part of Lincoln Cathedral is a porch on the west side of the south transept, with an upper chamber. The galilee of Beverley Minster is also a porch with a chamber above it, in which the porter of the monastery had a bed that he might be within call of the unfortunates seeking the safety of sanctuary. Ely galilee is now also a porch or entrance. The galilee at Durham is a vast chapel which extends along the west front, and is divided into a central avenue with two aisles by rows of richly ornamented arches on clustered columns. In a conspicuous position in it is an altar tomb, with an inscription recording that the bones of the Venerable Bede rest below it.

Sepulchre chapels are still rarer. There is one at the north side of the nave of Kingsland Church, Herefordshire, to which access is gained through the north porch. This contains a tomb-like erection between five and six feet in length, that would also serve as an altar-table. Besides window openings in the north-east walls of the chapel, the north wall of the nave is perforated with four lancet openings, so that any one in the chapel can see into the end of the nave, and persons in that end of the nave can see into the chapel. Here, it is supposed, a commemorative service was annually performed, whilst the faith-

ful assembled in the nave assisted in its celebration. The positions of the very few examples we possess of these chapels differ, showing, as in the case of galilees, it was more a matter of convenience than consequence. It is possible that more of the small chapels adutting from ancient churches may have been made for such celebrations than we have ascertained, and that some that are called anchorages were in reality sepulchre chapels, or Easter sepulchres.

A stirrup-stone or mounting-block at a church door must now be looked upon as a curiosity, though in former times, when there was less wheeled traffic, they may have been common. There is one adjoining the porch on the north side of Edlingham Church, by means of which, doubtless, many a hardy Borderer has dismounted and then mounted again at the conclusion of the services he has attended, having perhaps his wife or daughter on a pillion behind him, with several miles of mossy, boggy, heathery moorland between him and his home. There is also a mounting-block remaining at the gate of Duddingston Church, near Edinburgh.

Sun-dials on church porches are of more frequent occurrence. They are not ecclesiastical features; but the terse mottoes upon them of warning and incentive, and their general air of tranquil serenity, have charms that put out of question any doubt as to their propriety. There is a solemn yet placid-looking gray church standing in a green churchyard by the roadside near the mouth of the river Alne. It is Lesbury Church, and Lesbury is a wide, neat, and new-looking village, though in reality it is of hoary Saxon antiquity, but is in good hands and has no marks of the decay of age about it. There is a strong steeple at the west end of the church about twenty feet square, with a low slate spirelet surmounted by a weathercock. All the window-openings are narrow and small and plain and long like lancets, and there is a massy chancel arch, very heavy and hoary, in the centre of the interior, which makes the chancel as long as the nave. The whole aspect of the venerable edifice is that of peaceful strength, and on the gable of the porch on the south side, a sun-dial adds to the genial though mute invitation to enter. On the south side of Pittington Church, Durham, there is a very ancient dial, divided into six divisions of daytime, which is deemed a reminiscence of dialling when the time of day was indicated by blocks of stone arranged in a circle on the ground. Kirkdale Church, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has a sun-dial made in the days of Edward the Confessor.

The purpose of the openings generally known among antiquaries as 'low-side windows' has often been a matter of conjecture. These features are generally found low down on the south side of the chancel, though in some very few instances they occur on the north side. That they were not intended for additional light is evident from the circumstance that they are placed in positions in which the extra light that is gained by them falls chiefly on the church floor. We have therefore to accept an explanation that has been made which suggests that they must have been intended for the purpose of being opened easily from within, to admit of some person, appointed to do so, ringing the Sanctus bell out of them, so that those

parishioners who were not able to attend the services might be aware of the exact moment when the supreme part of them was taking place. One of these low-side windows in Wensley Church, Yorkshire, is actually appended below another window which forms part of a set at the usual height. But for the most part they stand alone, as in another example in the old parish church in Morpeth. In some ancient churches the Sanctus bell was hung in a turret specially made for it over the chancel arch. In Brancepeth Church, Durham, for instance, the little turret for the Sanctus bell is still standing.

As hagiostopes occur so seldom, they may also be accounted curiosities. These are narrow slits, sometimes called squints, made through walls and piers in a slanting direction, so planned that persons on one side of the masonry can obtain a view of what is passing on the other side at a considerable distance from it. They appear to have been made to enable people to direct their gaze to the altar without entering the chancel, as they are always directed to the eastern part of the building. In Morpeth Church these curious slanting slits are to be seen piercing both jambs of the chancel arch, and must have been intended, consequently, for the use of worshippers already in the building. In Staindrop Church, Durham, there is a small square-headed opening, divided into three trefoiled lights, high up in the north wall of the chancel, the mullions of which are cut not square, but slantwise, which must have been made for the use of spectators in some upper chamber, adjoining the church, which no longer exists. In Bridgewater Church there is a hagiostope that passes through three walls in the same direction. Sometimes a sedile is found thus pierced; and in other rare instances chantry piscinae may be met with through which hagiostopes have been opened.

Anchorage in churches have been mentioned. They were not always, as might be supposed, the residence of anchorites, but were, at all events in some cases and at some times, used for the housing of widows and paupers. The churches of Warwick, Thirsk, Gateshead, and Chester-le-Street have interesting examples. They are generally adjoining the chancel. The Chester-le-Street anchorage, though, is in the nave, and access to it is placed in the porch. There is an opening from it into the church through which the anchorite could speak or in other ways communicate with those within; and there is also an ambry or cupboard in it where food could be kept, and a place where a lamp could be hung. In the Thirsk example the only access is from within the church. This is also the case in a similar chamber attached to Warkworth Church. In the old church at Morpeth there is likewise a small chamber opening out of the chancel, with no external access save a small quatrefoiled aperture which is made slantwise like a hagiostope.

Among the curious items preserved in churches, that are no part of them, we may mention frid-stools, or seats of sanctuary. Three of these old stone seats of peace and safety are known to have been in York Cathedral, Beverley Minster, and Hexham Abbey Church respectively. The two last mentioned are still to be seen in their accustomed places. They are low squarish stone chairs

with low backs and solid sides or arms. In the lofty structures in which they stand, with vistas of columns and arches and beautiful tracery windows appealing to the eye on all sides, and vaulted roofs springing above them like high canopies, and floors spread around them full of memorials of noble knights and their dames, and of other local worthies and their wives, they seem in their archaic sturdiness and sparseness of ornamentation to be but little more than a rude fashioning of seats out of the great boulders to be chosen from myriads more on the nearest hillside amongst the bracken, ferns, and heather. If Durham had one, and it most probably had, it has disappeared, as that at York has done.

Among minor curiosities may be numbered the tongs kept in some old country churches for the purpose of pulling dogs out of the hiding-places in which they wished to ensconce themselves, that they might be near their masters. There is a pair of oak extending tongs, with nails in the claws, in the little church at Gyllyllio, in Denbighshire. And finger-stocks may still be met with.

Most churches have their ancient carved or elaborately iron-bound oak chests for the custody of the parish books and registers, but few can boast the preservation of the large flat semicircular receptacles for ancient vestments known as cope-chests. In this particular, Wells Cathedral is fortunate, for out of everyone's way, quietly reposing upon the reputation of its usefulness in the old times when religious observances and ceremonials were a part of everybody's daily occupations, and esteemed, too, for the beauty of the iron scrollwork with which the hinges are strengthened and beautified, it is a fine example.

In a secluded spot in Westminster Abbey, in careful keeping, are preserved some of the effigies of our kings and queens that, according to old custom, formed part of the pageantry of their state funerals. Some of the very oldest, perhaps of Plantagenet times, are stripped of their robes; but some others that are not much more than two hundred years old are still invested with the antique clothing with which they were made to represent the forms of the royal dead to their sorrowing lieges. As a realisation of history, teeming as our ancient churches are with testimony, these relics must be regarded with surpassing interest. They are memorials of seasons in which the land was stricken with a great awe, and no man knew what the day might bring forth.

JIM THE TRAMP.

HE was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chance had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union, to be brought up a workhouse foundling, until he was old enough to be bound 'prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board, and teach him his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill-

treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange friendless lad, and so he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

If only he had reached York an hour or two earlier, Her Majesty's army had gained a useful recruit, and poor Jim would have had a chance to rise and become a credit to the service. But ill-luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged next day with sleeping out at night or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect; and when that happens to man or boy, Heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The downhill road is an easy one and the pace always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes; there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: 'Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass.'

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said 'Thanks!'

It was the first time any one had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he stared up in blank amazement, and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top-boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant fresh-coloured face.

'You look rather done up; been long on the road?'

'A week an' more!' The reply was surly enough, not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a 'blooming swell' speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

'Going home?'

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. 'Never had yan, guv'nor!'

'Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?'

'Oh yes'—with a grim chuckle—'I lives somewheres—anywheres. I'se not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, in course, and lots of slaveys to wait on ye. I lives just where I

can, and has to fend for mysen, and don't often get my meals reg'lar.'

And the cruel contrast between himself and his companion filled the tramp's heart with bitter thoughts. Why have some folks all the good things of life and others none of them? Here was a man no older than himself with fine clothes on his back and a horse to carry him; whilst he, poor fellow, had to trudge along ankle deep in the mud with scarcely a whole thread to cover him. Why, the very horse was a long way better off and more cared for; it at least had a warm dry stable and plenty of food waiting for it, whilst he had never a resting-place nor a crust of bread to eat.

Again the cheery kind tones startled him: 'But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?'

'No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I ligs down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be, man, woman, or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'ceptin' the parish bums as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even.' Jim gave a short ugly laugh and slouched on, the water squish, squish, squishing out of the gaping rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the 'swell' to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly-deepening gloom and the wild cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

'Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?'

'No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough.'

'Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it.'

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real 'tip-top gentleman' too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him and their owner was saying: 'Well, what do you say?'

'Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad lot! I've been in quod oft enough,' blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

'I daresay you have, and deserved it too. But I believe you can pull round yet if you like; and as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?'

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were too strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil: 'No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anythink but cadging and tramp-ing, an' I noan want to work for any master—an' won't neyther.'

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop: 'That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try and pull up a bit; but you know your own affairs best.—Well, here is supper and a bed for you anyway.—Look out.' He tossed a

half-crown to Jim with careless easy good-nature, and shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and 'Good luck.'

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become. How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results. We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on Life's roadway, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some sad weary wayfarer. We perform thoughtlessly now and again trivial services of courtesy and forget them; but they shine in lone loveless hearts as glittering stars to cheer the midnight sky.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favourite lounging-chair, had utterly forgotten all about the few words and the silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from hounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick, turned the half-crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how for once in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police-court, prison-cell, and vagrant-ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, as Christmas drew near, had drifted towards York; not that he had any particular reason for getting there, but because it lay in his way north, and he happened to be making in that direction; why, not even he himself knew, for north, south, east, and west were alike to him. He had had a run of bad luck lately. Once or twice he had found a casual's welcome and slept under cover; but he had a rooted objection to its concomitants, and chose rather the cold and exposure of the open air. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin; for somehow the near approach of the festival of peace and good-will seemed to have shut up men's pockets, and sharp refusals and scornful silence were all he got from those of whom he asked help.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop. 'Now, then, what is it?' cried the shopman sharply as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

'Will yer give me yan ov them little uns, guv'nor? I'm nigh clemmed;' and he nodded towards the bread-pile.

'No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps.'

'I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows.'

'Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop—do you hear?—or I'll set the constable on to you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!'

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman

rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty stand-point of political economy, had no right to live on the earth. And yet Mr Jonathan Binner was wont to pose on political platforms as the heaven-sent champion of the masses. Then, indeed, his sympathy flowed out in such a mighty torrent towards the universal brotherhood of man that there was not so much as a drop left to give a crust or even a civil word to a starving tramp at his door.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a gate, crawled into a half-ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the farthest corner, and dozed off. When he woke up, the moon had risen, and was shining in through the chinks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered, and buried himself completely in the bracken and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night-air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

'Curse the cold!' growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

'Curse him, you mean,' said another, as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

'I'll do more than curse him when th' time comes,' answered the first speaker.

'Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t' beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: "The poaching rascals shall be stopped, if I have to do it single-handed,"'

'Well, he'll be single-handed to-night anyways, for he's no groom w' him. So he can try what he's good for w' three ov us; eh, Jack?'

'He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking.'

'Is t' wire right, Bob?'

'Surely! His mare steps high; but I've 'lowed for it, and she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long.'

'Hist! mate: there's wheels. Now for't. Come on.'

The three men went out quickly, and Jim following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the gate, out of mere curiosity to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoofs grew louder, and a high-wheeled dogcart spinning round a corner came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire-snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise, the men were upon him; but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly, and met their rush with a right and left hander

which sent one to ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-got-in blow. But the odds were too heavy and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. 'Give it him, lads, if we swing for't,' cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man: it was that of the gentleman who five years ago had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so sudden was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms round the senseless Squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him loose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin round—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever!

Next morning, they were found together in the trampled blood-smear'd ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white cross which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim the Tramp, the 'out-and-out bad lot,' gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.

COMPLIMENTS.

To be addressed in words of rank flattery is not really gratifying to right-minded people; but a neatly-expressed compliment, that has in it the backbone of truth, is a very different affair. It has been said that 'politeness is the oil which makes the wheels of society turn easily;' and a witty, happily-conceived compliment has often been found to assist the process. It is well sometimes for people to be put in good-humour with themselves as a means of making them in good-humour with their surroundings. There is often despondency in quarters where it is least suspected, and a few gracious, appreciative words—especially from a superior—may give hope and encouragement at a moment when they are much needed.

We propose to give a few instances of happy compliments, some of which may be called historical, though perhaps they are not so widely

known as they ought to be. It is related of Dr Balguy, a celebrated preacher, that after having preached an excellent sermon in Winchester Cathedral on the text 'In much wisdom is much grief,' he received the following extempore compliment from Dr Watson, then at Winchester School:

If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you!

The following compliment, though delivered in plain prose, must have been quite as acceptable to the brave soldier to whom it was addressed as the above couplet was to the learned preacher. When Frederick the Great of Prussia dined with the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of their meeting at Neiss, General Laudohn, who with other officers had been invited to join the party, was about to place himself on the side of the table opposite the king; but Frederick prevented his doing so, and pointing to a seat beside himself, exclaimed: 'Come and sit here, general, for I have always wished to see you at my side, rather than facing me.'

Boswell tells a very characteristic story of Dr Johnson and George III. Johnson was allowed the privilege of reading in the royal library. On one occasion, the king hearing of his presence there, entered the room in order to see and converse with the great author. After much interesting conversation about books and the universities, the king asked him if he were writing anything. He answered that he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king replied: 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody.' Then Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. 'I should have thought so too, if you had not written so well,' retorted His Majesty. Johnson observed that 'No man could have paid a handsomer compliment: and it was fit for a king to pay.' When some one asked him if he made any reply to the king's speech, he answered: 'Sir, when the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign.'

In a conversation between George IV.—when Prince Regent—and Sir Walter Scott, the Prince, knowing the Jacobite tendency of the author of *Waverley*, asked him if he would have joined the Jacobites. 'It would have been wretched taste of me,' said Scott, when relating the anecdote to Thomas Moore, 'to have said I would; and I merely answered that I should at least have wanted one motive against doing so in not knowing his Royal Highness.'

With all his faults Louis XIV. knew how to conduct himself as a great king; among his other qualities he was a master of the art of paying noble compliments. On one occasion he stood at the top of the grand staircase to receive the heroic Condé after the battle of Seneff (1674). The Prince, then in his fifty-fourth year, was troubled with gout, and ascended the stairs slowly. When he had reached the top, he apologised for keeping His Majesty waiting so long. 'My cousin,' replied the monarch, 'make no apologies; one who is so laden with laurels as you are cannot move quickly.'—In an interview with the celebrated preacher Massillon, Louis remarked: 'I

have heard many great preachers, and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you I have been dissatisfied with myself.'

Perhaps one of the grandest compliments ever paid by one human being to another was that rendered by Nicholas the Emperor of all the Russias to Mademoiselle Rachel, the celebrated French actress. When she was introduced to him she knelt; but the Emperor raised her, and himself falling on one knee, said: 'Thus should the royalty of rank pay homage to the royalty of genius.'

There is another form of compliment, not so delicate in quality as the foregoing, though often very amusing, and which may be termed the hyperbolic. The exclamation of the dustman to the 'beautiful Duchess of Devonshire' is a case in point. 'Lord love your grace,' said the man; 'let me light my pipe at your eyes!'

Though so different, still of the same class are the following polished lines, said to have been written by the father of the late Lord Palmerston on presenting a white rose to a lady:

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It on thy bosom wear,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

Or if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

Compliments which express high approval by implication are especially noteworthy. When the great Duke of Wellington said 'He always slept well when Stapleton Cotton was on guard,' he paid a sterling compliment, which must have gratified that officer—if he heard of it—as much as a promotion in rank would have done.

Sailors have rather a happy knack of saying pretty things to ladies. We remember long years ago spending a week at Plymouth in the company of a lady who was especially enthusiastic about maritime affairs. Ships, that is to say the great men-of-war, if not so redoubtable as they are at present, were certainly more beautiful, and we were enchanted with naval sights, and especially with going over the *St Vincent*. We had established quite an acquaintance with the boatmen employed by us on various occasions, and these were delighted with the enthusiasm of our companion. One day, when helping her to step ashore, the more loquacious of the two men exclaimed: 'Ah, you ought to be an admiral's lady!'

Some time ago we were in Greenwich Park with a very beautiful American lady. It was the time when there were still many Greenwich pensioners to be seen lounging about, old men who remembered Nelson and talked of Trafalgar. Mutilated heroes they often were, who richly deserved the repose they had found. They always loved talking, and appreciated good listeners, and with one of them the fair American got into animated conversation. She listened well, but spoke well also, telling the pensioner what she was and many things about America. After the good-bye had been said, he looked at her so examiningly that she could not but pause a moment by the gate. Then the old sailor said,

as if he had just made a discovery: 'They've sent you over for a show; they are not all like you.' At which we laughed and hurried off.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: 'Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man.'

Mrs Moore, the wife of the poet, was noted for her benevolence to the poor in the vicinity of their country residence. On one occasion a guest observed: 'I take it for granted that no one is dying in our neighbourhood, or we should not be favoured with Mrs Moore's company.'

Not long ago, when a brief matrimonial engagement was broken off, a near relation of the gentleman, one who fully appreciated the high qualities of her from whom the sometime lover was sundered, said to the young lady: 'You have only lost an ideal; he has lost a reality.' A very sweet compliment this, under the circumstances, it seems to us.

One more little anecdote we will give, and it is a husband's compliment to his wife. They were visitors for a few days at a country-house, and on being shown into their room, the lady, who was nearer forty years of age than thirty, prepared to take off her bonnet. Now, be it observed that looking-glasses vary very much in quality; some distort, and some flatter the countenance. These different qualities in glass-making are no new things, for we may remember that when Queen Elizabeth was dying she asked for a *true* glass, into which she had not allowed herself to look for twenty years. The glass that was on the dressing-table on the occasion to which we refer was a delightful one—that is to say, a 'flattering' one, and as the lady saw herself reflected in it she merrily exclaimed: 'Oh, what a charming glass! I look about eighteen in it.' 'It is just like my eyes, then,' the husband promptly replied.

On the whole, we think that well-expressed, well-applied compliments have their uses, and that society would be very dull and life very bleak without them.

WAITING.

'In winter, Earth wears a pathetic aspect, because she is waiting for Spring, and this is better than Autumn, which looks so hopeless.'

'BETTER calm death than dying life,' I thought,
As on the sodden earth the brown leaves lay,
Or, fluttering from the boughs, day after day,
Were still by wandering winds in legions brought,
And cast on fields and woodland ways, and tossed
From hedge to plain—and back in wild unrest.
Now, in this scene, by silence all possessed,
No leaves appear, for, swept away and lost,
Those sapless forms and dry no more are here,
But yielding their sweet lives (once deemed so fair),
Give nurture to the flowers and roots, and wear
Themselves to dust, that in the New-born year
Fresh beauty may arise: thus Nature weaves
A crown of glory from her own dead leaves.

J. C. HOWDEN.

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